Poems by
Kewayne Wadley
More Songs to
Listen to At Midnight

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Dedication

For Family, friends & those reading

May all your dreams come true and may this
book find you in the best of health.
No thanks to Craigmont C/O 06 hahaha kidding you
guys are amazing. I am glad
to see how much progress we have all made
collectively.

For my mother Keneethia & my father Wayne
for blessing me with the gift of life.

For Cammry Lapka and the blessing that she's been, it's
rare that you meet a
friend like her.

She's lended her ability to help bring
these thoughts to life with great care

More Songs to Listen to At Midnight

takes its inspiration from many forms.
The second installation following
“Listening to Songs at Midnight.”
Kewayne Wadley’s love poems radiate a deep sense of urgency. While remaining serious it adds a playfulness while still being able
to highlight the simpler things left to imagination.
In this volume he highlights love and attempts to bring along the thoughts that come while being at its height while questioning the vulnerability and lows or
the “if I should do this?” thoughts while still maintaining the reasons why we all should fall in love.

Picking up where its predecessor left off. With great pleasure it is an honor to present

More Songs to Listen to At Midnight

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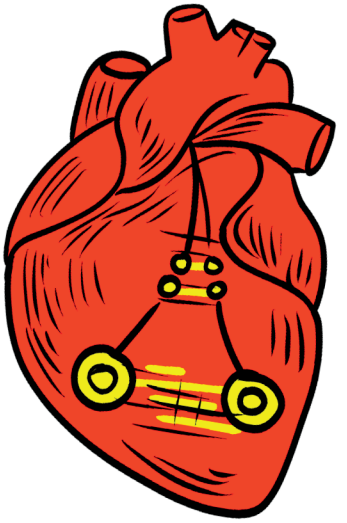
No More You

I wish I didn't care how
Special you are.
I wish I wasn't so open
To how you call my name,
How content I become.
My heart a pendulum that swings
Back & forth,
Lost where there is nothing
To fear.
Carved out of dedication
Simply ticking.
I wish I didn't care how my eyes
Commit to seeing you every day.
Losing track of time,
Spontaneous in your presence
The seconds that have experienced
The minutes &
The minutes that remember their way
To infinity.
I wish that time had more patience
Until there is no more me
& No more you



Everywhere With Me

Talking is not enough
I want to be able to pick you up &
Take you everywhere.
Regardless if I am busy
Either one of my hands can bring
comfort after a long day,
Stretching your voice from one ear
to the next, hands free in Bluetooth capability.
The comfort of knowing you're there
is enough.
Just being around you is enough.
If I were to lose you I'd go crazy
frantically looking for a charger,
a signal, a connection that desperately seeks
to reestablish where we left off.
The best part is your face popping
up on my screen.
Dissolving into the technological
advances and heart throbbing
palpitations my day has waited for.
Talking is not enough, I'd lose my mind
if I were to reach down & you weren't
by my side. I'd tear the place apart
looking for you.
However urgent,
When your name and face broadcasts
across my screen everything shuts down.

The truth remains, I know that you're
not that far.
I know that somewhere in the world
Through whatever scientific oddity.
I am forever grateful to be able
to dial you & take you
everywhere with me

Untitled

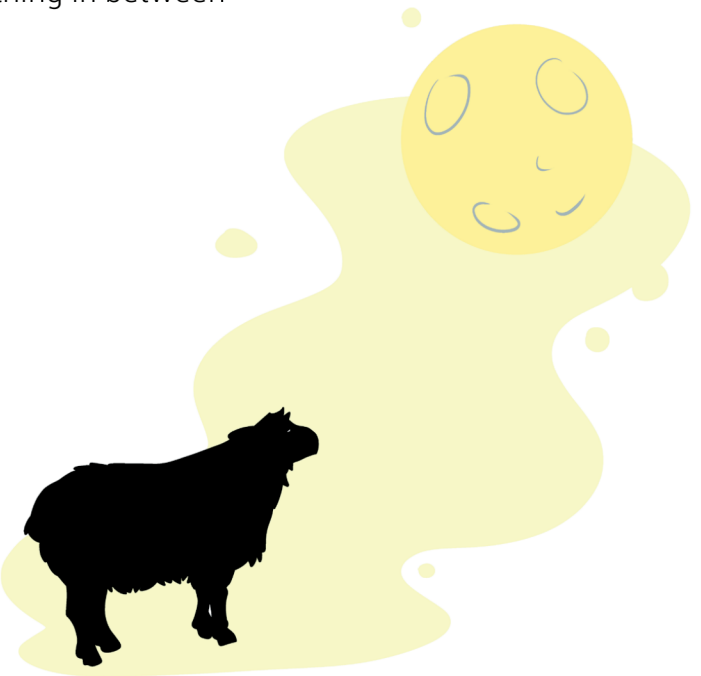
Over a trillion and one fireworks in the world still, none of them can light up the sky like you do when you smile.
I am surrounded by confetti sparks.
Beautiful colors that stream up then explode.
I feel a spark whenever you're near, zooming up towards the sky.
Like you do when you smile

A City Full Of You

Meeting you gave me the permission
I sought in myself.
To get out & explore in a sense
that it feels like home.
Being with you, the best idea yet.
Small petite buildings, towering buildings.
Everyday feels brand new
I don't feel the need to stay cooped
up inside a room.
With you I want to get out &
explore and sleep when there is
time.
I've never been to a place like
this before.
I've never tasted food this good
before & for once,
There are no distractions, no other
place to be.
The lights that shine from your eyes
The thoughts that travel fast like cars. I've never been to
a city like this before, the best idea yet.
When people ask me where I've been
I call your name.
When friends ask me where I'm going
I call your name.
And I can't wait until I get back there

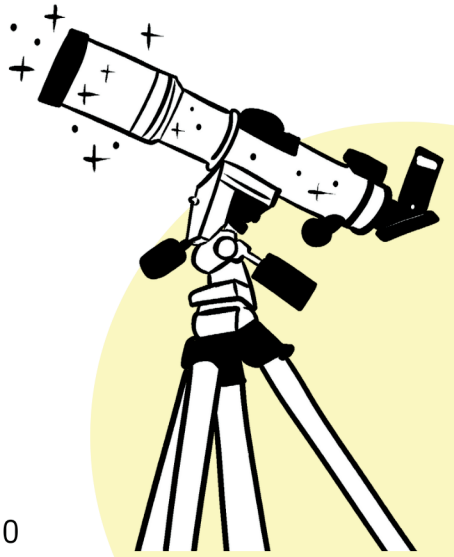
Everything In Between

My pillow misses you
more than I do.
The way you taste, the way you feel Your kiss
echoes goodnight.
A sheep lost its way to the moon tonight.
We both lie awake waiting for you The last
thought before
falling asleep.
If it seemed I never missed you you're sadly
mistaken &
everything in between



For A Telescope

Through the telescope of her eyes
I saw something that I wanted
to be a part of but deep down
knew it could never be mine
to lose.
Through the telescope of her eyes
I saw millions & millions
of stars swirl around the constellation of her heart.
When I told her what I saw she laughed and asked if I
was for real.
This place I saw I know to be real.
I loaded my lips with the thought
of anticipation & watched them
blast off towards hers.
No matter how long it takes,
I too will float & swirl.
Without need for a telescope



Photographic Memory

My eyes have found a new world
Stemmed & stretched
from the fruit of plump lips & veins
of brown hair.
They have walked & explored every inch
of this world
Inspired in awe, they've memorized
How they felt and know every inch by heart.
Cameras wouldn't do this world justice,
There's no jurisdiction.
Forgive them
They can't forget you, a piece of you remains.
Dilated & stretched both
Northern and southern hemisphere.
The equator of a new world

Given Back

Time is intentional.
It brings together and also separates.
For letters dance over the
bridge of four ever.
Knowing what you want is momentary.
On the contrary
Things change all the time.
Including the things we think we
want.
But time.
Time is something we don't
simply enjoy enough of.
It separates but also brings
Back together.
For letters dance over the
bridge of four ever.
Why waste what can't be
Given back

When You Paint

When you touch me
Everything turns right side up.
My down is no longer
The same.
I suffocate in color
My body between your hand.
You squeeze me tight,
My hobby becoming yours.
You've shaken me dry &
Soaked my dreams.
My world made that much brighter.
No matter how much paint
I have to wash out of my hair.
When you paint
Everything turns right side up
No matter what color you use

Record Head

You lay your round head
Next to mine, then It begins.
The wanting and missing you
Although you're lying right
Next to me.
You do this all the time &
I can't explain the why or
The how.
Although it's physical, you touch
Me in other ways,
both hot and warm.
You lay your round head
Next to mine,
I can listen to you all night.
You excite my personality
Easily picking up where we left off.
My heart goes round
Listening to the cracks in your head.
I can listen to you all night.
Even the nights you don't make
A sound.
You lay your round head
Next to mine & then It begins all over
Again.
When I close my eyes & go to sleep
It's your pretty face I see
Headlining the performance

Of my dreams
Or at least my tongue replacing
The needle on the groove
That spins around your face.
A song I can't get out of my head

Filled of Dreams

You've filled my dreams &
Gave them something beautiful
to believe in.
Inside my mind, inside my skin.
Time remembers everything
And remains the only thing we truly have
abundance of,
We shouldn't waste it.
Any minute one of us
might wake up

Flat Blue Sheets

I come to life when you touch me
Fluent & continuous.
You've unzipped my lips and tossed
them to the side.
I've never fallen &
been caught so freely.
I've never paid attention to how
flat the world really was.
A jagged peninsula
Eloped in oceans embrace
Curved in explosion.
Sometimes it feels like I am
Drowning.
I've never paid attention to how
flat the world really is
Chipped off, covered by you
falling deeper into you

Summertime Dream Blues

In dreams I am able to see you truly smile
In dreams I am able to truly recognize your face.
To see, to feel, to breathe
When I am awake I have no idea who you are.
You've hidden in plain sight & I've turned everything
Over looking for you.
This piece of you that I've found in my dreams.
I've tried telling you about it,
I've tried giving it back to you.
In fear that it was something you've dropped by mistake.
In dreams there's no need to look,
In dreams everything's in plain sight &
Summertime is on your lips.
In dreams I am able to walk in the sun,
In dreams there isn't just a piece of you
That I recognize.
In dreams, it feels like it was just yesterday
I was this close to you
To see, to feel, to breathe
& there isn't a complaint about the sun
Going down early
Until I realize that I am not dreaming.
I've tried telling you about it,
I've tried giving it back to you.
In dreams, summertime is on your lips
And it's 12 o'clock noon.
My alarm clock goes off

Approximately 2 minutes before
The best part

Hookahs and Hot Coals

I lit the top of her head on fire &
Took a pull from her mouth,
Emptying both heart & mind
In wonderous smoke,
The coal on top of her head fire red
My lips pressed tight to hers,
Longing to be more than physical
Jerusalem in a kiss
Bubbling in a room full of smoke,
My soul connected to hers.
I inhale again, feeling her travel
Down my throat to my lungs.
A caterpillar addicted to smoke
Finding love.
Smoke rings blown out of habit
Finding necessity.
Her soul bubbles, seeking oxygen
Confessing deep need.
Deep desire revealed between her legs
The end of a long hose connected in
passion.
Emptying both heart & mind.
I lit the top of her head on fire &
Took a pull from her mouth.
I've resonated in deep faith
I've exhaled in climax to the sight of smoke
everywhere.

Content & free,
Kiss me again and stoke the fire

A Poem About Laffy Taffys

I've bit into your soul
& I've watched it stretch
And fill my mouth.
You taste delicious and resonate
A special place deep in me
Every time I think about you.

You've warmed me and
Gave me something to look
forward to, I salivate at the
thought of how sticky you make
my fingers and lips

You taste so good;
Being chewed rolled over &
against my tongue

I've swallowed this feel good
Feeling and I've choked mid-swallow.
Surprised that you didn't go anywhere.
Instead, you stayed lodged in
my throat until I realized
That I needed to relax.
I panicked and looked around wondering why you
stopped,
Not realizing the biggest lesson
You've always tried to teach me.

& That's to relax and
go with the flow.
I am glad that you decided
to stick around
The best kind of tangy

Home Sweet Home

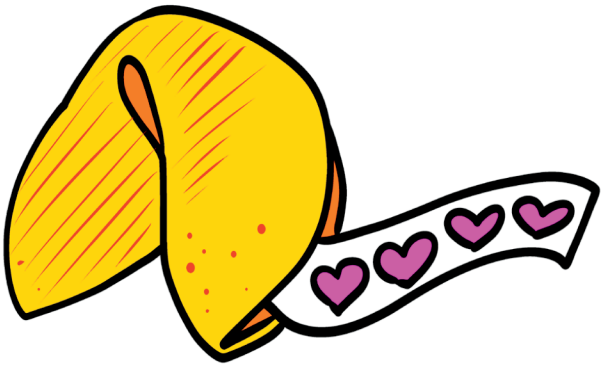
Home sweet home
Home sweet home
It sure feels good to be
home again.

Been away for so long,
Almost forget what coming
home feels like.
Down the street, I am almost there.
The place I know best.
The place I put above all else,
There's no place I'd rather be.
Sweet girl like you.
The warm embrace of being missed.

After so many miles the end
is drawing near.
Home sweet home
Home sweet home.
Soon as I am there, I'll kiss the welcome
mat of your feet &
recline deep in the chair of your arms.
Soon as I am there I'll sink into comfort,
I'll pour me a glass filled in your kiss.
The warm embrace of being missed.
It sure feels good to be home again.
Dozing off fast asleep at home.
Safe & sound in your arms

Fortune Cookies

You once asked me my dreams
I stood front and center &
Knocked on your heart.
Opportunity often knocks,
This I know.
There are times I wonder if
You taste as good as you look.
Often silly and full of love
I slid my tongue in your heart
Rolled tight but loose enough
to grab.
When you find time
All of my dreams, all of my passions
Are inside you.
Another opportunity to be found



Roman Candle

She tied me to a paper stake
& Watched her lips dance at the flick of a lighter
I became a torch fizzling in desire
Sent high up in paramount ecstasy,
A flare to the eyes of an ant.
Streaks of me mixed with her
Shining smudges of red lipstick
A smoky black dress, scattered
sequins.
A bonfire passed from my lips
to hers.
One explosion following the next
Both shaken and stirred
The tip of the wick wilted & flaked.
My night sky a dream everlasting
filled by a spark, more contagious
the further it grows.
I've fizzled & gone
Another eclipse imminent
She breathes fire in yellow, orange
Purple & green.
Soon there'll be nothing left.
The only thing I've known

Desire & Midnight Snacks

I found a new place for you
A new place well past desire.
My tongue the welcome mat that leads
To the hallway of my heart.
A place your name, your toes to stop,
A place for all of you to fit comfortably.
In your bag all I ask is for you to pack
The things that make you comfortable &
Leave a spot for a couple new memories.
Next to round dressers of teeth,
Rolled around & found on the comforter
Of my tongue.
Tonight when it's time to go to sleep
I'll crawl under into bed & pull the covers
Back and I will not go to sleep
Until you lay down beside me.
Unseparated from this place desire,
To feel you next to me
Your name between my lips
& you in my arms

Moon Tonight

Moon to night
Night to moon
Your voice excites me in the most
Amazing of ways.
It's the perfect thing to listen to
When the sun goes down.
You've made my heart flutter in
Constant palpation,
Craters that yearn to be filled
At that very moment.
Sometimes I swear that it
Feels like it grew legs & learned
How to dance,
My heart heightened in POV
Tiny dings left alongside of satellites.
I come to life when I hear you speak
I radiate in frequency's you couldn't
Begin to understand,
Underneath a sheet of stars
Pulled over on the side of the road.
Moon to night
Night to moon
I've exfoliated my face in your
Smooth edge & baptized myself
In the brightest star.
There is no dream sweeter.
The one I see with both eyes
Night or day

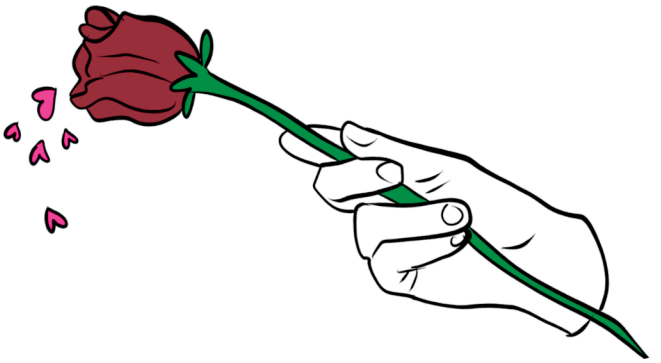
Red Envelopes

There are moments in life that don't happen too often
& there are moments in life we treasure more than
anything.
We've taken these moments & they've joined
my every waking thought,
You may notice it as the smile wrapped around my lips
multiplied & filled in my heart, everlasting
more than anything of monetary value.
Each of these thoughts are folded &
put into the center of my heart with the sincerest
of gratitude.
I am inspired by the way that you walk &
influenced by the way that you talk.
You've given me so much to look forward to
optimistically given by the tender caress of your
hand.
the problem with most envelopes is that there is
almost never enough room.
Most times I feel that this isn't acknowledged
nearly enough as it should.
Those eyes, that smile, & the compliment of your
kiss
I've licked the seals of my heart & closed it
shut with the thought of you.
I've dressed myself in all red with the hope
you'll accept me with both hands.
Open me in private & accept the abundance of me
Stamped to you

Petite Roses

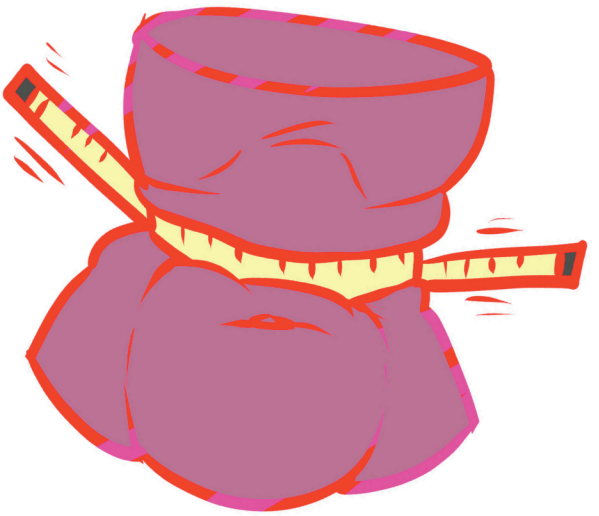
If I could slide myself into the
Palm of your hands.
I'd split myself into five slender
stems,
So all of me could fit into the
Vase of your hands.

Between the stems there is
A piece of me that I've hidden,
Wild in proximity to you.
Between your thumbs
I've succumb to the tenderness
of your smile.
Though petite, my day is no
longer incomplete.
So I took a seat, and watched
the sun rise from your smile
for just a while longer



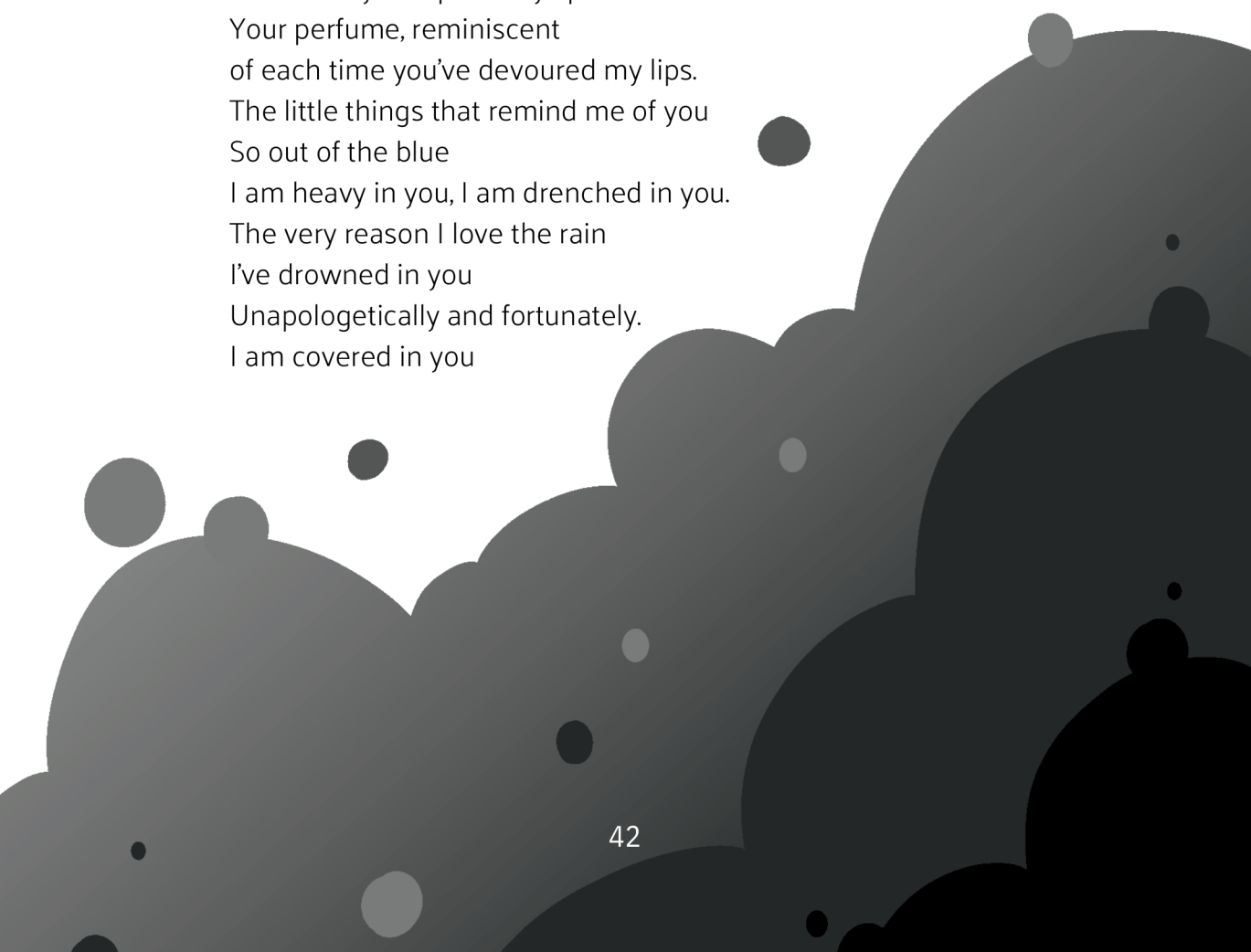
Diet

Before meeting you
I was introduced to you
Now I am criticized of my love
For you.
I weighed 187 pounds
Now I am shamed & cannot
Find clothes my size.
It seems that everyone I meet
is conscious of my health
Except I.
I am spoon deep in you
I am made of you



Waiting for Rain

I stand outside and wait for you
Romanticized in anticipation.
I am free and am myself in you.
This climax covered head to toe.
I've counted to a million and
I've lost count over
two million times.
Each time your lips always present.
Your perfume, reminiscent
of each time you've devoured my lips.
The little things that remind me of you
So out of the blue
I am heavy in you, I am drenched in you.
The very reason I love the rain
I've drowned in you
Unapologetically and fortunately.
I am covered in you



Party

Her love was a party
With comfortable chairs
& A decorative cake.
I was a balloon on a string
With nowhere to go.
Tongue tied
Her face reflective on top
Of mine.
Her tongue my favorite groove,
My lips entwined with hers.
Her rhythm my blues,
We danced without music.
We two stepped all night long

Art Collection

I closed my eyes
& drew you like you were standing
In front of me.
I dressed you as a memory that
I'd like to live again and again.
Dotting the edge of your smile
With my finger.
When I open my eyes.
I'll open the skin covering my heart & show you all
the memories
I've painted of you

Love Languages

She was a dictionary to
me.
No matter what I asked
She had a special way of
putting things.
She taught me that not
everything
needs to be defined or
chronically correct to
be understood.
Fascinated by the shape
of her lips.
She taught me a multitude of different
languages

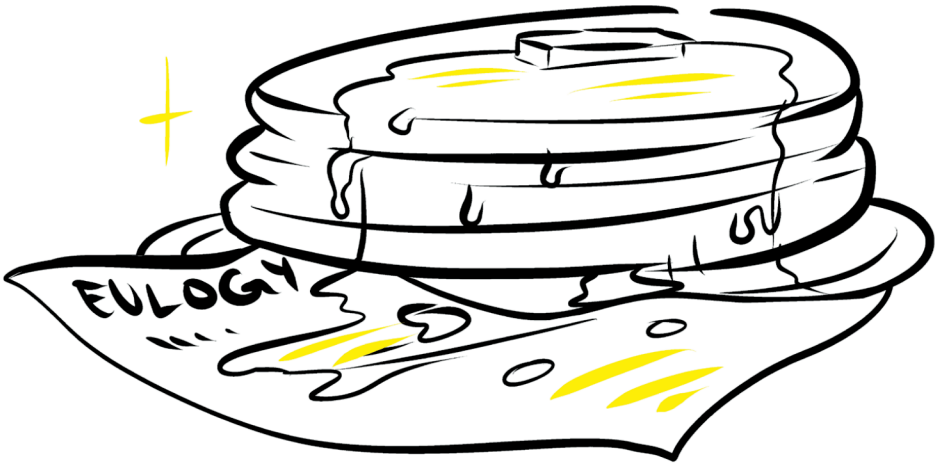
When God created the stars
I was an infant lost in
your galaxy.
Eternal & not present
Everything reminds me of
you.
I've never had anyone
die for me
Before
In return.
I've baptized myself in you
And fed my soul

The Valley of Your Smile

My fingers are a boat,
Navigating the river of your skin.
Through the bog & long blades of grass,
I picked for you a bush of roses.
In the hopes of making you smile,
Wandering away with thoughts of you.
The kind of peace brought soon
as I see your face.
Though the sun has yet to rise
I've sunk down in the pores of your skin.
Searching for the best flowers I can find.
Day after day
Night after night.
I've dived & I've sunk
Curious of what I'll find,
At times I didn't want to leave.
My fingers free to roam the curves
Of your body with nothing to tie them down.
Your body a wave gentle & smooth,
Guiding me to where I sought
In mind body & spirit.
Through the bog & long blades of grass.
I placed all the flowers I found in your heart.
Wild & free
Tomorrow, I'll return to do the same
To watch the sunrise of your cheeks

Eulogy

Since meeting you
There is no more waking up
Wishing.
There is no God without you
There is no heaven without wrath,
Without purpose.
I'll take my pancakes with
A side of you any day.
Everything I want out of life,
Your name is my eulogy



My Copay Again?

You'd be the one to fix me,
As simple as scrolling my
finger
Down a list.
You've prescribed
something
For what ails the
palpitations
That spike soon as they're
in
Your presence.
Without proof of insurance
or
Copay.
Most fear that they'd be
turned
Around at the door,
Forgetting that they too
Are human.
Classified as high risk
In the consultation of
self,
Their pain growing
feverish.
Something inside me has
transformed
Undergone care

in the sanctity of your
practice.
Soon as I see you I am
sane
I am at ease.
I am healed soon as I see
you

Doc, There Might Be Something Wrong With My Lungs

It's hard for me to say I
love you
Just as I am able to
breathe
Without knowing.
My existence of knowing
you
I've walked and padded my
feet
In appreciation of the air
You provide,
Yet you're everywhere
& nowhere
At the same time.
I continue my search
Future past & present.
Until they've withered
Until they've gasped your name.
Soon they will collapse
Into a monument where
You too, can pass through
freely.
Without question
The same way you've been
able
to this whole time

Rain Song

This song brings chills to my body
The first thing that brings calm
During a moment of chaos.
Consistent, even before I know
What it is I want or what to ask for.
I love the way this song feels,
The lightening before the storm
In June.
A light, streaking through the dark
Sensual & wet in infatuation
Before the rumble of anticipation.
Your words are a tender caress
In the eye of the storm.
The concept of two opposing things
Blending as one in unison.
An inspiration to wreak as much havoc
As humanly possible.
My heart left with nowhere to run
Even before I know what I want
Or what it is that I need.
My calm in the storm
Before anything begins to take form
Before the lightening snakes & turns
Before the thunder claps & collapses
Like a million buildings hitting the ground.
There was you

The Last Piece

She took what was left
of her heart
And broke it in half.
I asked her “why did
you give me the bigger
half?”
She replied it’s all I
have left.
- I have given and I
have sacrificed
Everything I have to
everyone who is
No longer here.
In retrospect it’s the
only thing
I never thought to do.
I think that much of
you, to give
The only other thing
that’s keeping
Me alive.
When I asked for the
other half she
Stood there in disbelief
“did you
not just hear what
I said!?”
I said It’s all I have left!”

Before she could get
another word out
I snatched it from her
and put the
Biggest piece back with
its half,
With a piece of mine stuck in
The middle.
She stood there trying to keep
Composure.
With everything that she's lost,
She thought the piece
that was keeping
Her together was gone
as well.
In time things get better,
ometimes
Things eventually heal, even
Mend back together
in ways you
Couldn't begin to believe.
But above all,
sacrificing oneself
For somebody else should never
Be a requirement to stay.
No matter the situation.
I apologize for all the different versions
Of me,
That took something
without realizing
Somethings can never be
Given back

Firing Squad

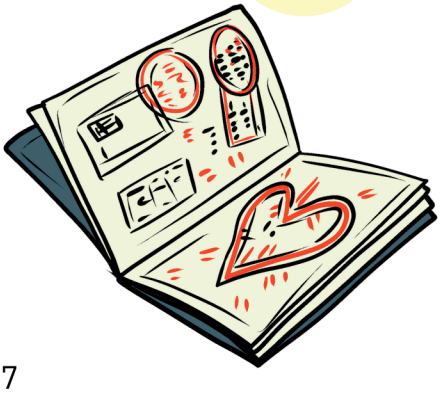
The feelings I had for you
Marched outside single file in front
Of a firing squad.
I wish so bad that it could have been you.
I hadn't seen them in so long,
Now older, a bit wiser.
They used to do anything to make you happy,
Serving a sentence they weren't meant
To serve.
They took me everywhere with them,
The same way they tried to take you.
Blindfolded, feeling their way through the dark.
The crazy things you get used to
However humane or inhumane.
Locked away & forgotten,
I wish so bad that it could have been you.
My friends taken away one by one, you had no right
Disappearing in the blink of an eye.
My feelings, the wrong place
At the wrong time, after everything you've done.
They still accepted you with open arms.
They still would march out there single file & give
their all for you.
I wish so bad that you could do the same for me
I wish so bad that it could have been you.
Open & free, without fear
Alone they stand.
My feelings

Old Songs

Old songs are like
A prayer; no matter the length
Of time.
No matter how long or short.
They dance.
They dance regardless of who's
Around & accept your invitation
Without you knowing.
Just when you forget.
They tap you on the shoulder &
Give you something to smile about.
Old songs are like a dancehall that scream
In silence and fill the empty with hope.
Regardless of how you felt before.
Old songs are like the remedy to the old
Person in your head who finally feels the urge
to dance again

Lost My Passport

You've stamped your footprint
Across the booklet of my heart
& I anticipate when the time comes
To renew.
There she goes, my favorite place to go
Vacation or not
Downtown or scenic route
Whether I sleep on my side or my back.
I love, love, love what you mean to me
& the way you bring me to life
Capturing my picture with the snap
Of your eyes.
How chivalrous the wind,
My nose lost in the crook of your neck.
Somewhere down south between
The nape of your thighs.
Everywhere I go
I anticipate when the time comes
To renew.
I love, love, love what you mean to me
& the way you bring me to life

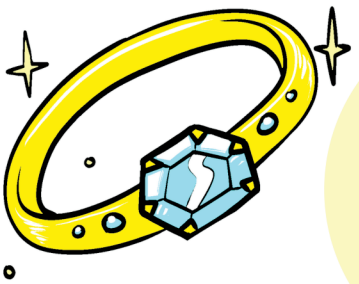


Anywhere There is Peace

I feel most at home
When I am beside you.
I am able to breathe freely & abundantly.
You speak kindly to my soul,
& nurture the points of direction
Which I grow.
My sanctuary of peace,
My birds eye view of serenity.
I feel most at home
When I am in view of your garden.
Offering the utmost
Of warmth & affection.
Make no mistake,
I am not there to simply pass time
Nor am I there out of the convenience
Of you.
Being around you takes me
to another world
& I am glad to share in the experience
Of you.
I am in awe at how you transform me
Into a moth, in terms of light.
I'll follow you anywhere

Rings

I am the ring around your finger
No matter how much time will pass.
I will always remain.
A vow of trust that cements verbal thought.
A dream come true left imprinted on your finger.
To share truth,
The thoughts we both speak into existence.
I am the ring that reinforces the core from which you and I grow.
The diamond that forms through the pressure of dark times.
I am the band that continuously loops around your finger.
The promise of everlasting.
Through the good, through the bad.
The strength that nourishes us when we are weak.
The different parts of us we continue to meet.
This ring a symbol of how far we've come.
How far we've yet to go



Taco Tuesday

My lips opened beneath hers
Unaware of the rumble
Of hunger.
Hot to the touch
All stuffed in soft shell.
With the single goal
Of being digested
A stomach waits in hunger.
A piece of heaven wrapped
And soaked in the fold
Of a tongue, pink and covered
In the zest of life.
She tends to get handsy
A fiesta bowl inspired by the gathering
Of thighs.
Freshly seasoned,
The tip of my nose stuffed in
Soft tortilla.
Anticipation just a taco supreme
Away

Combination: Sausage & Pepperoni

You remind me that the simplest
things are some of the smallest.
You center me, disappearing
Your face in mine.
Passionate & warm
I've replaced your eyes with pepperoni
& covered you with cheese.
The quickest way to my heart
My taste adjacent to the way you love.
Melted pieces of cheese stretched and
pulled.
Pieces of sausage fall and roll toward the edge
of the earth.
You center me, disappearing
Your face in mine.
Although life is short,
you make the moments seem longer.
I love the way you taste
I love the way you fill me up

Can You Mute The TV?

Can you mute the TV?
Just for a little while?
I don't have a legit reason why,
Except that I find you more interesting.
You're actually quite addicting
Whether you believe that or not.
There aren't any commercial breaks
Or any episodic conquests that are
better than the other.
There is just, well.
You.
If you don't mind an audience of one
Then I'll clap and applaud
Every time you walk in the room.
The remote of my attention solely
focused on you & the many characters
of your personality.
Constantly leaving then reappearing
In the crinkles of your face.
When you get a moment,
Can you please mute the TV?
Just for a little while?
Better yet, just turn the thing off.
Of all the things that's possibly
On right now.
None of them compare to you.
Even with the sound on

Float Upside Down

Tonight
I want to get drunk as a fish
& swim around your glass
Of wine.
I want to confuse my up
With your down and do all sorts
Of things.
I want to forget that I am swimming,
Contagious in your smile.
I am starved for compassions touch,
A companion in a sea of red
If it's meant to be I'll reach you.
I've run all out of options
I can't breathe

Something About Snores, Leases, & A New Tenant

I enjoy falling asleep next to you
To me there's no better feeling.
You give me peace and fill up
All the empty spaces I myself,
Cannot.
We talk for a minute then silence
Is the only thing we hear.
The funny thing about getting old
Is that it creeps up on you.
Here we are experiencing that same
Growth.
Whether you know it or not,
You've signed a lease.
& With every snore, you've move
A piece of yourself into my lungs.
There really isn't a lot of room
To move around anymore.
Most nights, I wake up to feel my left
Side heavier than my right.
The exact reason I enjoy falling
Asleep next to you.
You're so calm and you're able
To be yourself.
You come over, drink up
All of my drinks and hog all of the
Covers.
I love falling asleep next to you

All of the things we never say
Seem to come out when we're
Knocked out sleep next to each other.
Completely accepting of each other's
Comfort.
I love falling asleep next to you

About the Author

Kewayne Wadley (1987-Present) is a Memphis-based poetic storyteller whose mission is to spread love and inspiration through the power of words. Breathing his first human breath in Connecticut, he wound up spending most of his childhood days in the Deep South and much farther south: Central America.

Distinctly amorous lines infused with sultry overtones, Kewayne's poetry paints vivid pictures of whirlwind romances and loves as unshaken as placid lakes. The unwavering support of his loved ones, especially his grandmother is what drives him the most. His innate ability to see life through an unconventional lens can be witnessed in his innovative approach to his craft.

Throughout his writing career, Kewayne's poems have been featured in an array of anthologies and zines, including but not limited to Collected Whispers (2006), For This Cause Writers Unite (2012), The Poetic Bond IX (2019), Porter Gulch Review: 36th Edition (2020), and Who's Who in American Poetry (2021). He also was recently crowned the 3rd Place Winner for his haiku "Full of Posies" (Dreamers Magazine, 2022) and received Honorable Mention for "Love Sometimes" (The Poetic Bond X).

He is also the father of the Listening to Songs at Midnight series.

With this publication it would mark the second volume in the series and with that he would love to add to where “Listening to Songs at Midnight” left off. There are
a couple of surprises that I am sure that poetry lovers around the world would love to hear, as well as add dreams that dreamers would love to dream as it touches your heart & mind.

Sincerely with love
Peace & Blessings,
Namaste

FROM THE AUTHOR

Thank you for your support in reading my second book. If you enjoyed this poetry anthology and you believe it can be a benefit or inspiration to others, an honest review on Amazon (or wherever book retailer you purchased this from) would be greatly appreciated to spread the word about this book.

If you would like to keep in touch with me on Social Media, below are my Instagram, Facebook, and Poem Hunter handles. I'll be looking forward to connecting with you.

Instagram handle: @PoeticBlues1
Facebook: @Romero Amour
Poem Hunter: @Kewayne Wadley

Thank you for your support!
Warmest thoughts,
Kewayne

Other Wors

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